

TERMS:—The Post will be furnished subscribers at the following rates:  
One year, in advance, \$2 00  
If paid within six months, 2 50  
At the end of the year, 3 00

## Doct's Corner.



For the Post.  
IMPROVPU.  
TO NORA.

"Thou art all I have to love,  
And now farewell to thee?"  
The green earth looks so fair to-day,  
The flowers look up and smile,  
The soft breeze fans my fevered brow,  
And I am sad the while.  
The birds are singing on the hills,  
The brooks sing sweet and clear,  
While o'er thy picture now I bend,  
And shed affection's tear.

I gaze upon thy lovely brow,  
I see thy eye's mild beam,  
And try to think thy words to me  
Are but a fleeting dream:  
But not so, no! I read them o'er  
'Till Hope's hectic wing  
Hath ceased to stir with potent spell,  
My sad heart's shivered string.

And her delicious, winsome voice,  
No longer comes to me  
At twilight's ghostly hour to say  
That thou art true to me.  
"Twas thy own hand that dealt the blow,"  
For wild I love the yet;  
And thou hast bid me turn from thee,  
Without one sad regret.

Dear Nora! is it you I see,  
That flung the poisonous dart,  
And left its venom mingled with  
The life-blood of my heart?  
Withdraw the arrow, cruel one,  
I am not false to thee,  
Nor would I, for a thousand hearts,  
From thy dear bosom flee.  
May 1st, 1854. H. G. H., of G.

## Select Tales.

## The Snake-Bitten Dutchman.

Some years ago near the town of Reading county Pennsylvania there lived a cozy old farmer named Schweighoffer—of German descent and as such his speech will indicate. Old man Schweighoffer had once served as a member of the Legislature and "no fool," as he had long commanded a volunteer corps of rustic militia he could hardly be supposed inclined to cowardice. His son Peter was his only son a strapping lad of seventeen; and upon young Peter and old Peter devolved the principal cares and toils of the old gentleman's farm now and then assisted by the old lady and her two bouncing daughters—for it is very common in this State to see the woman and girls in the field—and upon extra occasions by some hired hands.

Well, one warm day in haying time old Peter and young Peter were hard at it in the meadow when the old man drops his scythe and bawls out:

"Oh! mine Gott, Peter!" answered the son, straightening up and looking towards his sire.

"Oh, mine Gott," again cries the old man.

"Dander," echoes young Peter hurrying up to the old man. "Fader what's de matter?"

"Oh mine, Gott, Peter, de snake bit mine leg!"

If anything in particular was capable of frightening young Peter it was snakes, for he had once crippled himself for life by tripping upon a crooked stick which broke his ankle and so horrified the youngster that he liked to have fallen through himself.

At the word snake, young Peter fell back nimbly as a wire dancer and bawled in turn.

"Where is de snake?"

"Aup mine trowsis! Peter—Oh, mine Gott!"

"Oh, mine Gott," echoed Peter, Jr., "kill him fader."

"No-o, no-a, he kill me, Peter; come come quick."

But Peter, the youngster's cowardice, overcame his filial love while his fear gave strength to his legs and he started like a scared locomotive to call the old burly Dutchman who was in a distant part of field to give the father a lift with the snake. Old Jake the farmer's assistant came bumbling along as soon as he heard the news and passing by the fence whereon Peter and his boy had hung up their linsey woolsey vests Jake grabbed one of the garments and hurried to the old man who still managed to keep on his pins although he was quaking and fluttering like an aspen leaf in a June gale of wind.

"Oh, mine Gott! Come—come quick, Jacob!"

"Vat you got eh? snake?"

"Yaw, yaw. Come come Jacob. He bites me all to pieces. Hereaup mine leg."

Old Jake was not particularly sensitive to fear but few people, young or old are dead to alarm when a "pizen" reptile is making a levy. Gathering up the stiff, dry stalk of a stalworth weed, old Jake told the boss to stand ready, and he would at least stun the snake by a rap or two, if he did not kill him stone dead—and old man Peter, less loth to have his leg bro-

## Miscellaneous.

## Anecdotes of General Taylor.

If there was one thing that the late President Taylor valued less than any other, it was dress. This indifference to the fine arts of the tailor, as might have been expected, led to a great many amusing plunders on the part of his subordinates. On the day after the battle of Monterey, the General was in company with two other officers, in undress, talking over matters in the dining room of the cafe. The General was dressed in a white jacket, straw hat and nanken continuations. The party had been in close converse but a few minutes, when a young Lieutenant, fresh from Iowa, made his appearance. It was his first day in the camp, having arrived that morning by the way of the up-river, from the Rio Grande. He was of course, unacquainted with anybody. After looking about for a few minutes, he took his seat at a marble topped table, and commenced "ordering up."

"I say, shortly, pass the bill of fare." This was addressed to the General. "Humor the joke, General," whispered one of the officers, "he evidently takes you for the waiter."

"We'll see," said the General. "What do you want?" he enquired.

"A mutton chop of coffee—and suddenly, too," responded the Iowa officer.

"James, get the gentleman what he desires," said the General to one of the real waiters.

"No, sir!" energetically and quite indignantly responded the subaltern, "that won't do. If I wanted James to get my dinner, I would have given my orders to James. I want you, old fellow," he continued, rather facetiously, "to attend to the matter. It would do me good to see a man of your build fly around. Ha! ha!"

"But I am engaged, sir, and cannot possibly attend to you. James must wait on you, or you must wait upon yourself," replied the general.

"Well, let James go," the subaltern replied. "Queer people, these," he muttered, half audibly, "two big lubbers to get one mutton chop! No wonder they cannot resist invasion!"

James attended to the order. The Lieutenant partook of his mutton chop and coffee—paid his bill, picked his teeth, adjusted his cap, and sauntered forth to take a look at things. The first person he met, on reaching the Plaza was "shorty" the waiter, arm in arm with general Quitman and Col. Canine.

"Well, if this isn't rushing things, you may shoot me!" exclaimed the surprised subaltern. "A getter-up of fried potatoes supported by a live General and a Colonel of Artillery. I wonder who the devil he is, and where he got his impudence. My friend," he continued, addressing another officer, "can you tell me who that little old fellow with the white jacket is, and what he does for a living?"

"What, the one supported by General Quitman?"

"Yes."

"Why, that's old Zacharia, and he makes his living by walloping folks," said the interrogated.

"What Zacharia do you mean?" asked the Iowa subaltern.

"Why, old Zach Taylor, the commander of the Rio Grande army."

"You don't say so! Not General Taylor? Je-ru-sa-lem!" exclaimed the dumb-founded subaltern, and—left.

We heard the above from one who was "out there," and participated in the great "plug muss." It puts us in mind of another—

Our army officers, we have heard it remarked are generally troubled with the "shorts"—an affliction brought about by expensive habits, luxurious living and not very large-sized salaries. While in Mexico, our officers were particularly troubled with this complaint—fascinating seniors and the very attractive game of monte being invariably the chief cause.

While in this condition, it was customary for some to draw on the exchequer of a brother officer, in the shape of a loan of a quarter, or such other amount as might be deemed necessary for immediate purposes. Of course, the draft was generally honored, if convenient.

A lieutenant of one of the western volunteer regiments had just arrived at Monterey, and about the first visit he made to any of its multifarious institutions was to an extensive "monte salon," where he managed to lose, at that interesting game, the amount of a month's accumulation, and then left.

As he reached the side walk, he divided both hands into his pockets evidently in search of something; but his disappointed looks gave evidence that the "something" wasn't there. At this moment General Taylor happened to be passing, unaccompanied, and similarly attired as above described. Approaching the General, our lieutenant put his mouth close to the former's ear, and says he—

"Say, have you got a dollar about you? I've just lost every d—d cent I had, at monte, and I'm hungry as a starved Camanche."

The General was a little "gouty" that day, as he was occasionally. He gave the Lieutenant a savage look and growled out—

"You'd better attend to your duty, and leave gambling alone," and passed on.

As we said before, it was customary to "come out," when a draft in the shape of a loan was made on a brother officer's treasury; therefore the General's conduct appeared rather singular to the Lieutenant, and led him to inquire who that "d—d old bull dog" was? When informed—in the expressive language of another—"he caved."—F. V. Monthly.

America One Hundred years Ago.

The following is a literal transcript of the title page of a pamphlet published just one hundred years ago in Dublin. That it utterly failed to terrify the countryman of the 'Rev. Divine,' hear witness the hundreds of thousands of 'Unsteady People,' who have thronged our shores since 1752:

AMERICA DISPECTED, being a Full and True Account of all the American Colonies, showing

The intemperance of the Colonies excessive Heat and Cold and sudden violent Changes of Weather terrible and mischievous Thunder and Lightning bad and unwholesome Air destructive to Human Bodies. Badness of Money Danger from enemies; but above all the Danger of the Souls of the poor people that remove thither from the multifarious wicked and pestilential Heresies that prevail in those parts.

In Several Letters, From a Rev. Divine of the Church of England missionary to America and Doctor of Divinity. Published as a Caution to the Unsteady People who may be tempted to leave their Native Country.

THE SECRET.—"I noticed," said Franklin "a machine among a number of others at work on a house erected but a little way from my office who always appeared to be in a merry humor who had a kind word and a cheerful smile for every one he met. Let the day be ever so cold, gloomy, or sunless, a happy smile danced like a sunbeam on his cheerful countenance. Meeting him one morning I asked him to tell me the secret of his constant happy flow of spirits."

"No secret doctor," he replied, "I have got one of the best wives and when I go to work she always has a kind word of encouragement for me, and when I go home she meets me with a smile and a kiss, and then tea is sure to be ready, and she has done so many little things and prepared such comforts, through the day to please me, that I cannot find it in my heart to speak an unkind word to anybody." What an influence, then, hath woman over the heart of man, to soften it and make it the fountain of cheerful and pure emotions. Speak gently, then; a happy smile and a kind word of greeting, after the toils of the day are over costs nothing, and go far toward making a home happy and peaceful.

THE FATE OF A LEARNED MAN.—A heart's ease. There is a man in Boston, an old man of sixty, who graduated at the University of Dublin Ireland; at the age of twenty-two was admitted as a surgeon in the British army, and in that capacity visited this country with the English; was present at the destruction of the public buildings at Washington City—has been present during his services as a surgeon at 4,000 amputations, and fifteen severe battles—was shot twice, performed surgical operations on three wounded generals, seven colonels, twenty captains, and over eleven thousand officers of smaller grades. He has dined with two kings, one empress, one emperor, the sultan, a pope, innumerable great generals, &c. He has held the largest diamond in his hand known in the world, except one. Has had the British crown in his hand. Has been married three times, father to eleven children, all of whom he survived. Broken down by disease, he could no longer practice his profession—too poor to live without employment, too proud to become a pauper he sailed in an emigrant ship to this country three years ago—and this man of remarkable adventures classic education, master of four languages 60 years of age poor, old and decaying, is now peddling oranges and apples in the streets of Boston!

"We know what we are—verily we know not what we may be."—Boston Bee.

Speaking of the beard question, the editor of the Bell's (Me.) Journal says: Editors all about are telling their experience. So here's ours. For years we have worn a stout handsome beard, of a fancy color, a cross between London brown and the shade of a Maltese kitten, shaving only the upper lip. We do not dare to let the mustache (as they spell it) grow, because then our ferocious look would be dangerous to persons of delicate organization. We began this course in the first place, because we were too lazy to shave. Last summer we wanted to look at our countenance, and so we had our facial hair removed, and got the bronchitis in place of it. The beard was more comfortable than a sore throat, and so we took it back. We believe in a beard as an arrangement of nature necessary for health—and nature is not often improved upon.

## Terms of Advertising.

For 12 lines or less, 1st insertion, - - - 74  
For each subsequent insertion, - - - 25  
For half column 6 months, - - - \$14  
" " " 12 months, - - - 18  
For whole column 6 months, - - - 18  
" " " 12 months, - - - 25

A liberal deduction made for yearly advertisements. When the number of time for continuing an advertisement is not specified, it will be continued until ordered out and charged accordingly.

## The Moslem.

Dr. Hague in his lecture on the Turkish power; related the following amusing anecdote.

A story is told of the Sultan, by a countryman of ours, who was called to Constantinople to superintend the launching of some of The Royal ships. The Turks do these things by hand, and by the main strength of hundreds of them. But our American went to work, and built his ways and props after the American fashion, so as to let the vessel launch itself. When he had got his operations nearly completed, the Sultan—who was present and noticed the small number of his workmen—sent word to him to know if he did not want more help? No, he replied, he had enough. Thinking he had been misunderstood, the Sultan sent a second time to offer a hundred men from the Royal Dockyards. Again he refused, and being busy, answered rather sharply this time. At that moment the signal was given, the props were knocked away, and the vessel started without the aid of hands, slid smoothly and gracefully along the frame work—then off into the blue waters of the Golden Horn. Lifting his hands and eyes in amazement, "Masha'-lah!" exclaimed Abdul Medjid, "God is great! God helps him if he is an infidel! So say I of Abdul Medjid.—When he links his fortunes with humanity and freedom—may God hold him if he is an infidel.

Curtain Lecture by Mrs. Fubbs.

"Fubbs, I want to talk to you awhile, and I want you to keep awake while I do it. You want to go to sleep? Yes, you always want to go to sleep, but I don't. I'm not one of the sleepy kind. It's a good thing for you, Mr. Fubbs, that you have a wife who imparts information by lectures, else you would be a perfect ignoramus. Not a thing about the house to read, except a Bible that the Christian association give you, and a tract that a fellow called Porter left one day entitled 'Light for the heathen.'—It's well he left it for you are a heathen, Fubbs. You thank God you ain't a Mormon? Yes, I understand that insinuation, too, you profane wretch? You mean you're glad you ain't but one wife. You never would have known there was a Mormon, Mr. Fubbs, if I had not told you, for you're too stingy to take a paper. You ain't able to take a paper? No-o Fubbs? I declare your name ought to be Fibbs, you tell so many o' em. It's only last week that I lost one dollar and fifty cents on butter that I sold to a pedlar, because I didn't know the market price which is published every week. This would have paid for a paper a whole year. And then you are so ignorant, Fubbs! Didn't you take your gun t'other day, and walk clear down to the Big Marsh a hunting, because somebody told you the Turkeys were marching into Rushes? Y-e-s y-o-u d-d, Fubbs, you needn't deny it. But the Turkeys were all out of the Rushes I guess, before you got there.—Didn't kill any, did you? It was a bad day for Turkeys; wasn't it? Ha! ha! ha!"

A SLIGHT ERROR.—A French exchange contains the following anecdote, which we translate, as it may show that gentlemen of Hibernian extraction are not alone addicted to amusing mistakes:

A gentleman of Douai, was going out in his carriage, to make some calls with his wife, when he discovered that he had left his visiting cards. He ordered his footman, recently come into his service, to go to the mantle-piece in his sitting-room, and bring the cards he should see there. The servant did as he was ordered, retaining the articles to be used as he would be directed, and off started the gentleman, sending in the footman with cards wherever "not at homes" occurred. As these were quite numerous, he turned to his servant, with the question—

"How many cards have you left?"

"Well, sir," said the footman very innocently, "there's the king of spades, the six of hearts, and the ace of clubs."

The poor fellow had taken the wrong 'documents.'

Rev. Mr. B.—, a gentleman of fervent piety and commendable modesty, made an afternoon call in a family which consisted of a bright and beautiful girl of five summers, another of some nine or ten weeks. The stately divine was ushered into the parlor, where he found three ladies and the children. In such company, he could do no less than relax his dignity to the extent of saying a few words to the eldest daughter. So he went thus:

"Well, Ellen, you've now got a little sister. I think I shall take her home with me; I suppose you will interpose no objection."

No answer, but a surly look met the proposition.

"You don't want your little sister, then, don't love her, so I think I shall take her, main't I, Ellen?"

"Yes," said Ellen, "a scornful and incredulous look; you may take her, but you don't think you can nuss her, do you?"

An Irishman trying to put out a gas-light with his fingers cried out, "Oh, murder! the devil a wick's in it!"











## Scissoring.

Modern Law may be divided into three parts; supposition, proof and denial.—Supposition is nothing proof is next to impossible and to deny everything is the main point.

"Jim I believe Sams' got no truth in him."

"You don't know nigger dar's more truth in dat nigger dan all de res' on de plantation."

"How do you make dat?"

"Why he's never let any out of im."

"My brudders in affliction," remarked a colored preacher, "in all your troubles dare is one place where you can always find sympathy."

"What? what?" inquired several hearers.

"In de dictionary!" replied the reverend gentleman with a big grin.

The Rev Johnson was one of those rough but quaint preachers of a former generation, who was fond of visiting and good living. While seated at the table of a good lady in a neighboring parish, she asked him if he took milk in his tea. "Yes ma'am, when I can't get cream," was his reply.

A COLLOQUY ON PIGS.—"Friend," said a Quaker to a man who was driving a drove of swine into Penobscot, "hast thee any hogs with large bones in this drove?" "Yes," replied the driver, "they've got all big bones."

"Hast thee any, with long heads and short noses?"

"Yes, there's all of them long heads and sharp snouts."

"Hast thee any with broad flat ears, like the ears of elephants, slouching down over their eyes?"

"Stranger, every pig of 'em is that ere, and no mistake; they'll suit you exactly."

"I rather think they will not suit me, friend, if they be such as thee describest. Thou may'st drive on."

RAILWAY OFFICIAL.—"You'd better not smoke sir!"

Traveler. That's what my friends say."

R. O. But you musn't smoke sir!"

T. So my doctor tells me.

R. O. (Indignantly.) But you shan't smoke, sir.

T. Ah, just what my wife says.

AM HIGH.—It is said that when one of the ex-Presidents was a young man, and about leaving college, some of his classmates who were settling their plans for life asked him.

"And what do you mean to be?"

"President of the United States," was the prompt reply.

They went their ways, and in a time his resolve was accomplished; the young collegian stood at the head of the nation.

A JOLLY OLD BRICK.—Cymon of the Boston Post, tells a story of a staunch old pillar of the church in New York, who, having imbibed too freely during his New Year's calls, was feeling somewhat as happy as a harlequin, singing doffing his antique "tile," and huzzaing in the most patriotic manner, and when he met one of his brother churchmen, who expressed his surprise, at such an exhibition, upon which the jolly old 'brick' replied:

"You see—hic—brother—the fact is, that I have worshiped the Lord, faithfully and true, for the last fifty—hic—years: so I thought I would—hic—take a day to myself."

NON-INTERVENTION.—"Husband do look there at Tom, he's into my sugar plums up to his eyes!" said a very dumpty lady to her liege lord a few days ago.

"Let him go it," was the cool reply of the husband.

"Yes, but husband, if we permit him to go on in this style he will commit a crime which will take him to the State Prison."

"Can't help it;—you see that the fact is, I go in for non-intervention, let every body regulate their own affairs."

"But Tom is a mere child, and it is our duty to train him properly."

"He's as much your child as mine," colly replied the father.

We left, fully persuaded that Tom in the course of time would be one of the boys.

A French constitutional Priest who had usually a very small audience, was one day preaching at Church in his village, when, the doors being open, a gander and several geese came strolling up the aisle. The preacher availing himself of the circumstance, observed, that he could no longer find fault with his district for non-attendance; because, though, they did not come themselves, they sent their representatives.

Rock, the comedian, when at Convent Garden, advised one of the scene shifters, who had met with an accident, to the idea of a subscription; of names, which, when he had read it over, he returned. "Why, Rock," says the poor fellow, "won't you give me something?"—"Zounds, man," replied the other, "didn't I give you the hint?"

An attorney brought an immense bill to a lady for some business he had done for her. The lady to whom he had once paid his addresses murmured at the charges. "Madam," replied the limb of the law, "I had a mind to convince you that my profession is lucrative, and that I should not have been a bad match."

Mr. Careful having been told by his physician, that he must take gentle exercise, replied that he had for some time back, practiced cutting his toe-nails twice a week.

## Northern New York Live Stock Ins. Co.

OF PLATTSBURG, NEW YORK.  
Capital—\$50,000.  
Incorporated by the Legislature of the State of New York, July, 1851.

Horses, Cattle, and all kinds of Live Stock. Insured against Death, by the combined risks of Fire, Water Diseases, &c.

Stock transported by Water, Railroad, or driven on foot to market, insured at fair rates.

The subscriber having been appointed Agent of the above reliable and perfectly solvent Company, is prepared to issue Policies at as low rates of premium as any responsible Company in the United States.

He respectfully invites the attention of Livestock Stable Keepers, Cabmen, Farmers, and all others interested.

R. S. PETERS, Agent.  
Lebanon, Ly., Aug. 25, 1852.

## LEBANON HOTEL.

J. H. KIRK, PROPRIETOR.

WOULD respectfully announce to the Traveling Public, that he has just finished in a fine manner his Tavern Stand in Lebanon, where he will at all times be happy to entertain his friends and the public generally, and will spare no pains to make them comfortable when they put up with him. His table is always supplied with the best market can afford. His bar contains the best of Liquors, Cigars, &c., and his stable with the best provider, and attentive grooms.

Buggies and horses always on hand to hire by the day or week. Horses kept by the day, week, or month, at very reasonable rates.

Fine Horses for sale at all times.

May 5, 1852. J. H. KIRK.

## PROSPECTUS

OF

## ST. MARY'S COLLEGE.

NEAR LEBANON, MARION CO., KY.

This Literary Institution, founded in 1851, by the late REV. WILLIAM BYRNE, and subsequently conducted for many years by the Jesuits, is now under the superintendence of the Right Rev. Bishop of Louisville, who will always take means to provide a suitable Faculty for carrying it on with a view to promote the greatest public good. Under the auspices of its previous conductors, the Institution has been instrumental in widely diffusing the blessings of a religious education throughout Kentucky and the adjoining States.

The steadiness of its patronage has been a constant evidence of the public approval. The beauty and salubrity of the situation, as well as the spaciousness and commodiousness of the College Buildings, are generally known. It will be the constant aim of the Faculty to adopt, so far as practicable, the plan which it was so well and so usefully conducted by its enlightened and benevolent Founder.

## TERMS PER SESSION.

[INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.]

Board, including Washing, Mending, Shirts and Socks after washing, Fuel and Lights, together with Tuition in Orthography, Reading, Writing, English Grammar, Geography, &c., &c., \$42 00

Board, &c., (as above,) with Tuition in the Classics, Higher Mathematics and Philosophy, or either of these branches, 47 00

Board, &c., (as above,) with Tuition in the Classics, Higher Mathematics and Philosophy, or either of these branches, 50 00

Tuition in French, (Extra,) 5 00

Bed and Bedding, when furnished, 3 00

Stationary, (Pens, Ink and Paper,) when furnished, 2 50

Physician's Fee and Medicines, per Session, 1 50

Books, and other necessary articles are furnished by the Agent of the College, at current retail prices.

For those who remain at the College during the vacation, there will be an additional charge for Board of 10 00

Music, per session, 10 00

## Scott's Weekly Paper.

The Publishers of this large and popular Family Journal offers for the coming year, (1854) a combination of Literary attractions heretofore unattempted by any of the Philadelphia Weeklies. Among the new features will be a new and brilliant series of Original Romances by George Lippard, entitled "Legends of the Last Century." All who have read Mr. Lippard's celebrated Legends of the American Revolution published for fifty consecutive weeks in the Saturday Courier, will find these pictures of French and American History endowed with all the power and brilliancy of his previous productions. The first of a series of Original Novelles, called "Morris Hartley," or the Knights of the Mystic Valley, by Harrison W. Ainsworth, is about to be commenced. It will be handsomely illustrated with 12 fine engravings, and its startling incidents cannot fail to elicit undivided praise. Emmerson Bennett, the distinguished Novelist, the favorite of the West, and the author of some of the finest productions ever read, is also engaged to furnish a brilliant Novelle to follow the above. Mrs. Mary Andrews Denison, author of Home Pictures, Patience Worthington and her Grandmother, &c., will contribute a splendid Domestic Novelle, entitled the "Old Ivy Grove," and H. C. Watson an illustrated Story called the "Two Edged Knife"—a graphic picture of Early Life in Old Kentucky. To these will be added Original Contributions and selections from Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, Clara Clairville, Lillie Liberte, Grace Greenwood, and other distinguished writers; the news of the day, graphic editorials, full reports of the provision, money, and stock markets, letters from travelers at home and abroad, &c., &c.

TERMS.—One copy, one year, \$2; two copies, one year, \$3.40; four copies one year, \$5.40; nine copies, one year, and one to the getter-up of the club, \$10; twenty copies, one year, and one to the getter up of the club, \$20. Address,

A. SCOTT, Publisher,  
No. 111, Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

## FINE LOT OF NOTEPAPER

just received and for sale, at the Printing Office, May 5, 1852.

## SPRING AND SUMMER STYLE OF

## HATS AND CAPS!!

Facilities for the purchasing of materials, and the manufacturing to order of SUPERIOR HATS, are not excelled in the Western Country.

I have on hand, and am constantly manufacturing to order

## Black and White Beaver,

Nutria, Brush, Russia and Otter Hats, &c. Also the Spring style of Hats from the most celebrated houses in the city of New York. Together with a large assortment of

Brown California, black and white Buena Vista and Wool Hats.

Mens' and Youths' Panama Hats.

" " Double and single brim

" " Leghorn " " Palm Leaf do

Infants' fancy Summer " " do

Ladies' Riding Hats, of the latest New York and Parisian Styles.

Kossuth Hats, &c., &c.

The above goods will be found equal in quality, and fully as LOW in PRICE as the same article can be bought for in Louisville or any other city market.

The Patrons of the house, and the public at large, are particularly invited to call and examine the assortment.

Hats of any particular shape made to order at short notice.

LEONARD EDELEN.

Lebanon, May 5.

## THE BRITISH PERIODICALS.

AND THE

## FARMER'S GUIDE.

LEONARD SCOTT & CO.,

No. 54 Gold street, New York.

CONTINUE to publish the four leading British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Magazine; in addition to which they have recently commenced the publication of a valuable Agricultural work, called the

## "FARMER'S GUIDE TO SCIENTIFIC AND PRACTICAL AGRICULTURE."

By HENRY STEPHENS, F. R. S., of Edinburgh, author of the "Book of the Farm," &c., &c.; assisted by JOHN P. NORTON, M. A., New Haven, Professor of Scientific Agriculture in Yale College, &c., &c.

This highly valuable work will comprise two large royal octavo volumes, containing over 1400 pages, with 18 or 20 splendid steel engravings, and more than 600 engravings on wood, in the highest style of the art, illustrating almost every implement of husbandry now in use by the best farmers, the best methods of plowing, planting, haying, harvesting, &c., &c., the various domestic animals in their highest perfection; in short the pictorial feature of the book is unique, and will render it of incalculable value to the student of Agriculture.

This work is being published in Semi-monthly Numbers, of 64 pages each, exclusive of the Steel engravings, and is sold at 25 cents each, or \$5 for the entire work in numbers, of which there will be at least twenty-two.

The British Periodicals Re-published are as follows, viz:

The London Quarterly Review (Conservative),

The Edinburgh Review (Whig),

The North British Review (Free-Church),

The Westminster Review (Liberal), and

Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine (Tory).

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